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(See page 168)

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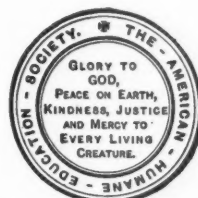
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The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 11

Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that, according to the statement of C. J. Fawcett, Extension Animal Husbandman at the Massachusetts State College, there are today in Massachusetts 26,000 horses and 200 mules in active service on our farms.

Few people, we imagine, in this country are aware that there is a hospital for camels established by the Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa at Biskra where hundreds of emaciated camels come in from the desert covered with hideous sores and neglected wounds. Surely the gospel of compassion for animals is spreading around the world.

Animals lovers who enjoy the Harold Lloyd pictures will see them with keener interest when they learn that he is particularly averse to the killing of game for sport. It is said that recently when a friendly admirer presented the comedian with a deer head trophy to be hung in his home Mr. Lloyd promptly returned it with curt thanks.

An article in the *Animal World* issued by the Royal S. P. C. A., England, tells us that all the year through "a caravan" of camels, horses, mules, donkeys, dogs and cats passes through the gates of the animal hospital at Jerusalem. In fifteen months nearly 12,000 treatments were made, donkeys coming an easy first with 6,877, dogs second with 3,192, and camels third with 715."

What the civil war in Spain has meant, and is still meaning, to the great multitude of animals in that land, one can scarcely even imagine. If no mercy has been shown by the warring forces to each other, fighting so desperately for place and power, the beasts of burden, the animals of the farm and all the other domestic animals must have shared in the horrors of this internecine strife.

A Letter of Appreciation

THE Angell Animal Hospital receives many letters from people gratefully recognizing the service rendered to them when they brought their animals to its doors. It is true that sometimes a different sort of letter reaches us, because animal hospitals, no more than human hospitals, cannot accomplish the impossible. A recent letter, however, we feel is worthy of mention. Its writer says in part:

"Of course I have visited 'Ritzie,' my dog, frequently during the summer months while he was being treated for the restoration of an injured leg that looked at first as though it would have to be amputated. Always I found him receiving the best of care. He had large quarters, his bandages were clean, his bedding was clean, his drinking water fresh and cold. On one visit, in trying to locate the door, I accidentally found myself in the kitchen. The cleanliness there delighted me. The fresh meat waiting for the dogs looked good enough for human consumption. Ritzie received the best of care, and I have only praise for the management of the Hospital. The leg that seemed nearly severed with the fracture of the bone is now normal and there is only a slight scar on the inside."

Race Prejudice

This magazine has stood, from the day of its inception, for justice and fair play. It has by no means confined its interest to animals. Men, women, children, the victims of greed, oppression, injustice, prejudice, have found on its pages an outspoken championship. It has asked of no man the color of his skin, nor of any man the shibboleth of his sect. It has never been able to understand how anything but a man's inner spirit could be the measure of his manhood, or anything but the fruit of his creed the test of his religion.

An Ancient Document

Colonel Leonard Noble, of Harpsden Court, Henley-on-the-Thames, Vice-Chairman of the Council of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has called our attention to a book entitled "New Archaeological Discoveries" published in 1903, which tells of a Coptic fragment which concerns the treatment of a mule. The fragment contains these words:

"And Jesus said, 'Man why dost thou beat thine animal? Seest thou not that it is too weak for its burden?'. . . But the man answered and said 'What is that to you? I can beat it as much as I please, since it is my property, and I bought it for a good sum of money.' . . . But the Lord said, 'Do you not see how it bleeds and hear you not how it laments and cries?' But they (the disciples) answered and said, 'Nay, Lord, we hear not that it laments, and cries' and the Lord was sad and exclaimed, 'Woe to you that you hear not how it cries to the Creator in Heaven and cries for mercy. But three times woe to him of whom it complains and cries in its distress.' And He came forth and touched the animal and it arose and its wounds were healed, and Jesus said to the man, 'Now go on and beat it no more, that you also may find mercy.'"

While there is great obscurity with regard to the existence of Christianity in Egypt among the native population in very early days, it can be traced back as far as A. D. 240. St. Anthony, A. D. 270, it is claimed was a Copt as was also the founder of Egyptian monasticism of the 4th century. The scriptures were translated into Copt not later than the 4th century. According to a somewhat recent census, it is stated there are still over 600,000 orthodox Copts in Egypt. This old Coptic fragment is in a class with many of the fragments discovered in recent years which seem to have some relation to our gospels.

When Sportsmen Reign

LOUISE DARCY

*Across the bay the crack of guns
Rings out and feathered bodies fall
Upon the water red as blood,
While from the sky live birds still call.*

*There is a rush of frightened wings
And many swell the crimson tide.
These are the days when sportsmen reign
And wildfowl know not where to hide.*



SOME CONFISCATED "TOYS"

A veteran, battle-scarred collie, barks his approval at the collection of B-B guns and .22's that will no longer inflict pain and death to dumb animals, now that they are in the custody of Joseph Fox, executive secretary of the San Diego Humane Society.

Although there is a heavy fine in San Diego for the use of such "toys," Mr. Fox is of the belief that more is accomplished by confiscation of the weapon than by pressing police charges against the offender. His way leaves an opportunity for humane education, while the police might cause only resentment and future revenge on the unprotected animals.

Near Tragedy at Zoo

When Chauncey Carr leaned too close to the lion's cage at the Hoosick Falls Zoo the lion caught him and slashed him furiously. His brother, Warren, whipped out his pocket knife and courageously rescued Chauncey by slashing at the lion's paws until it let go. It took fifty stitches to close the boy's wounds. He has our sympathy. He will be more cautious in the future. He knows now that a caged lion is likely to seize any opportunity to show his revenge.

A Telling Letter

A well-known subscriber to *Our Dumb Animals*, who has seconded our efforts to suppress cruelty to animals in motion picture production, has favored us with a copy of his letter to a theater manager. The letter capably speaks for itself.

Plymouth Theater
Plymouth, New Hampshire
My dear Mr Graves,

It was my misfortune to take my family and a couple of friends to your Theater on Saturday evening, September 26th. One of the pictures shown that evening was "Bengal Tiger." Never have I seen such an exhibition of absolute cruelty to a fine animal as was shown in that picture.

In my opinion you should be ashamed to exhibit it and the law should not permit it to be shown. I talked with a number of people after seeing the picture and without exception, they agreed with me. I certainly hope you will not put on an animal torture picture in the future.

Very truly yours,
H. E. G.

Carnival of Carnage

At a certain time in the year a strange impulse takes possession of some people. It is shown in a desire to shed blood; to slay the helpless; to scatter fear, pain and death where once was life, peace and happiness. It then becomes the "proper thing" to leave one's home, invade the homes of our peaceful brothers of the forest, and kill them for what men hunters are pleased to call "sport."

To those who, when the "open season" is on, are wont to find their "sport" in duck-hunting along our shores, or seek to maim and kill the larger game of field and forest, we would recommend the following as told by an ex-hunter:

"I remember. I once stood at sunset on a lonely beach, looking out over the water, completely absorbed in the beauty of the scene, when suddenly a tern sailed slowly into view. I raised my gun and fired, and the bird, with a broken wing, fell whirling through the air to the water. Wishing to end its misery, I fired another shot, but this fell short; and then my ammunition gone, I went slowly back over the sandhills, leaving the tern to float back and forth on the dark water and utter its mournful cry.

"In the morning I went again to the beach and found the poor creature, half-dead, dragging itself up the sand, covered with blood, its broken wing hanging from its body. In mercy I killed it. Never shall I forget the look of those deep, shining black eyes that seemed to ask only for death and relief from suffering. It seemed like murder. From that moment I quit gunning forever."

Join the Jack London Club and register your disapproval of cruelty in trained animal acts.

Prey of the Highway

LEONIE HUNTER

ON an auto trip across the country, from the Pacific to the Atlantic and back again, one of the most distressing things that the observant motorist cannot help noting, is the surprising number of animals killed along the way.

Cats and dogs that were someone's cherished pets, lay dead by the roadside because someone was driving too fast to slow down. People do manage to stop for cattle crossing the roads; if they didn't, it might cost them a tidy sum to pay the farmer for the animal.

But all the little wild creatures, jack rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks, prairie dogs, pheasants and, surprisingly, even many birds, fall prey to the monster with the two big eyes of fire that charges down on them through the night. It is true that they become bewildered and dart right across the path of the vehicles. I have seen curious little prairie dogs sitting up unperturbed in the middle of the road. Nevertheless, it does seem a pity that so many helpless small creatures are slaughtered when a little caution on the part of the motorist would have spared them.

A Governor's Kind Act

THE story of a man, his dog and the Governor of Michigan came to light recently at the Capitol. It consists of two letters appearing in the *Detroit Free Press* as follows:

"I am wondering what I can do about my dog," A. Robert Cox, of Flint, wrote to Gov. Fitzgerald. "Almost six years ago my back was broken in an accident and I have had to lie flat ever since.

"That in itself is bad enough, but when they are going to take a fellow's dog away from him just because he does not have the money to buy a license for it, that is terrible.

"My dog doesn't run all over the countryside like some dogs around here, and I don't believe he would hurt anyone unless they were bothering some of his friends.

"He is a good dog and all the neighbors will say so, and then, too, we live on a farm and I don't see why it is necessary for me to have a license for a dog that does not leave the place, any more than it is to have one for a cow or horse, which are larger than any dog and could do much more damage than a harmless pet."

To which the Governor of Michigan replied:

"I hope I am not too late to help you keep the companionship of your dog. It is tragedy enough when an able-bodied person is threatened with such a loss. For a person in your condition, it is immeasurably worse.

"You understand, of course, that the law cannot make exceptions in favor of individuals, no matter how worthy they may be. The shortcut for this problem is for you to get a license, so that your dog may romp wherever he pleases, so long as he does no one harm. The license fee is enclosed.

"May the future offer better prospects—to both of you."

The Bee

JOHN RITCHEY

*These dusty wings that could not hold
Another grain of pollen gold*

*Will, upon some fatal day,
Fold brightness up and rust away.*

*This head, a diamond for each eye,
Will nestle in a rose and die.*

*And no one can inform the bee
How close upon infinity*

*Are those frail legs that fasten over
The rounded head of nectared clover.*

*He has no thought beyond the hour
And the wet sweetness of the flower.*

*He does not apprehend how cold
May be Death's step across the mold.*

*He feeds upon a honeyed stream—
A fragile life within a dream.*

Where Fear is Unknown

BRUCE JENNINGS

AS you approach some patch of wild rose bushes on your rambles through the fields, there is a brief disturbance and the brilliantly colored pheasant cock that has been feeding on the ripe red berries whirrs off in sudden flight. Before you have recovered from your surprise, he has crossed a field or two, floated to earth, and scurried away into the protective cover. You resume your walk, and if you are an innocent lover of wild life there is perhaps some little sense of shame in your realization that this instant fear, this sudden flight, was all on your account. You are an intruder who perhaps carries death in his hands, and the weak things of the earth, that have known nothing of pity, flee at your approach.

Sometimes the strong glory in their strength and in the fear their strength inspires, but to many of us there is small satisfaction in the knowledge that as we pass through the woods the wild things, trembling with fear, vanish from our presence. To those of us who have had this experience it is a pleasant contrast to visit some locality where wild life has been afforded protection and has learned to regard mankind, not as a potential enemy, but as a friend and protector.

During the past summer I had the opportunity of visiting two such refuges in Utah. One was an extensive one which comprised many thousands of acres, and a large variety of wild life here found haven. There was what can best be described, I believe, as a feeling of peace about the preserve, as if the bitter warfare of the species had been forever abandoned and the lion and the lamb had quite literally composed their differences. There was none of that atmosphere of pursuit and escape about these woods; none of that suggestion of invisible drama in which life and death are the pawns. Deer were grazing beside the road as we passed by; they watched us curiously for a moment and then returned to



CAPTAIN HOLTON (UPPER RIGHT)
AND MRS. HOLTON (FRONT ROW
CENTER) AND PARTY AT
ICHANG, CHINA

Mrs. Holton is watching Beep, Jr., who is a little camera shy.

the business of their daily lives.

This first impression of the refuge was confirmed by our more extended inspection of it in the company of the superintendent. A pleasant, gray-haired man who had devoted his life and energies to the conservation of wild life, he seemed to have an intimate and sympathetic understanding of the habits and characters of his charges. He insisted, in spite of the frankly expressed scepticism of some members of our group, that the wild things inhabiting the refuge knew and appreciated what was being done for them.

"Sometimes," he said, "they take advantage of our good nature and impose upon us. It is as if they realize that the refuge is for their exclusive use and benefit and that we are, in a way, intruders. You might say that by setting up house-keeping at our very doorsteps they are showing their contempt for our authority, but I believe it is because they sense so strongly the protection afforded by human contact that they seek rather than shun the companionship of man."

It was a strange and delightful experience to find birds and animals, usually so unapproachable, regarding one's comings and goings without visible evidence of fear, as if all the sins committed against them by one's fellowmen through the centuries were forgiven and forgotten. The wild things have been made wild through ceaseless cruelty, and it was astonishing to learn how quickly they respond to friendship and kindness.

The Story of the Sparrows Again

THE letter below will interest those who read the story in our September issue of the three sparrows who followed Col. and Mrs. Holton from their Kansas City home to China. The photograph shows Mrs. Holton talking with them.

My dear Dr. Rowley,

I have your letter of the 6 July and will be very much interested in the article. I, too, would like very much to have a chat with you about the birds. They are really my wife's hobby, however, and she could tell you much more about them than I could. I have, however, observed enough about them to be sentimental as far as they are concerned—in fact I have refused invitations to go duck hunting.

I am enclosing two photographs, captions on the back, that I have given to the Associated Press representative that I thought might interest you, besides showing more conclusively that at least much of the "incredible story" is true. Except for the fact that I have observed much of the story myself I would have difficulty believing it, so I do not take offense when others have difficulty giving it credence.

With highest regard,

Sincerely yours,

C. M. Holton



ON BOARD THE U. S. S. PANAY AT HANKOW
MRS. HOLTON IS TALKING WITH THE SPARROW FAMILY IN THE RIGGING

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.

Thanksgiving

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*Outside the barn the wind is strong,
Bringing cold November rain;
Within these walls the hay is sweet,
Bins are filled with yellow grain.*

*The cows are quiet in their stalls,
The newest calf is sound asleep;
And close together in their pen
Rest the gently breathing sheep.*

*The mare's big colt is by her side
To share with her the golden hay—
I'm truly thankful, Lord, that these
Are fed and sheltered on this day.*

Kindness to Animals in the Mosaic Laws

ETTA W. SCHLICHTER

SIXTY-EIGHT years ago George T. Angell founded the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But thousands of years before that, provision was made in what have been known as the Mosaic laws, not only for preventing cruelty to animals, but for treating them humanely, looking after their wants as carefully as providing for the welfare of the people.

If we read the books of Exodus, Leviticus and Deuteronomy, we find that when an ox was employed to tread out the grain, his owner might not muzzle him, but must leave him free to eat as much as he needed.

Every seventh year special provision was made for the animals, for that year the ground was to lie fallow, and whatever it produced of itself, the owner might not store for his own use. He must share with all who needed, including domestic and wild animals. The vineyards and olive orchards were subject to the same rule.

If one chanced to find a bird sitting on her nest, whether the nest contained nestlings or only eggs, the mother bird was in no way to be disturbed. This prohibition was forced by the promise of a reward. "That it may be well with thee," said the lawgiver to the one who should care for the birds.

If a man saw a beast of burden carrying too heavy a load, he could not be excused for saying it was not his affair, but he must see at once that the beast was relieved. Also, a beast suffering an accident must be relieved by whoever found it, no matter whether it belonged to him or not.

So, if one found an animal that was lost, he was to look at once for the owner and restore it. If he could not find the owner, he was to care for the animal himself till the owner was found.

The ox and the ass were the special beasts of burden and there is frequent mention of them. But they were not to bear their burdens continuously. Mercifully, one day in seven was set apart for them to cease from their labors, for we are told that when the sabbath was ordained, it was to provide rest not only for man, but for the faithful beast as well.

"Old Jim"—Just Another Horse

JOHN FEEN

IF you were to drive along the outskirts of Tulsa, Oklahoma, you would see vast stretches of pasture land flanking both sides of the highway. In one large enclosure you would see a dapple-gray horse with enormous proportions browsing contentedly on the sweet clover-grass that surrounds a large watering trough set in the cool shade of a spreading elm. If, as in all probability you will, you pass up the animal with the fleeting thought that he is "just another horse," you will be snubbing a horse with a past.

Five years ago next Candlemas, "Old Jim" and I teamed up. After securing a job as route salesman with a milk company I was told to go to the stables and pick me a horse. I needed the job, so said nothing regarding my ignorance of horses. I might have deceived the manager but these domesticated dobbins, no. At once they sensed I was a tender-foot and no amount of coaxing could make them submit themselves to the harness. I was about to give up in despair when I spotted Old Jim and cautiously approached him. When I stroked his mane he surprised me with a low whinny as he gently rubbed his smooth nose against my arm. From then on Old Jim and I were partners. Just a "man and beast" team, but we were friends.

After I hitched Old Jim to the wagon and drove to the loading dock, the manager spied us.

"Get another horse," he commanded. "Old Jim is too slow for your route."

Old Jim stamped and pulled on his traces, eager to go.

There and then I resolved to have Old Jim or quit. I could handle no other horse and besides I had taken more than a liking to the old veteran. I pleaded with the manager, I even had the nerve to demand Old Jim. Finally I compromised:

"If I don't show you that we can get over the route with time to spare and bring in a new customer to prove it, I'll eat Old Jim's rations for a week."

"Done, hop to it," said the manager.

Old Jim and I took good care of the route and we fulfilled the promise regarding the new customers.

Winter came—cold, bluster, and the snow for two weeks stubbornly held its own at four feet. Competitive milkmen were unable to service their routes. The company's horse-drawn routes, with the exception of ours were taken over by trucks, but they failed—the snow was too deep.

In most parts of the city, little children were crying for their milk. But Old Jim and I managed to serve our customers. From dawn until far into the night we plodded through snow and hail and sleet. I, with a guiding hand on Old Jim's bridle walked every step of the way. At the end of two weeks we were worn to the point of exhaustion, but we made it and liked it. Many times I tried to sneak away from Old Jim and service my route with an old undependable truck. Old Jim at once sensed my intention and literally kicked the barn down. Miserable and dangerous though the weather was the fiery old steed was determined to go.

I never whipped Old Jim. I didn't have to—I didn't want to. His plodding steady old gate was fast enough for me and I could trust him. He knew each house on the route as well as I, for many is the time he stopped abruptly before a residence that I was about to pass.

The next spring Old Jim's right eye went blind. He was through—there was no doubt about it. Back to the stables he went and my heart went with him.

One day the manager called me aside. "Old Jim's other eye," he said, "he's losing it."

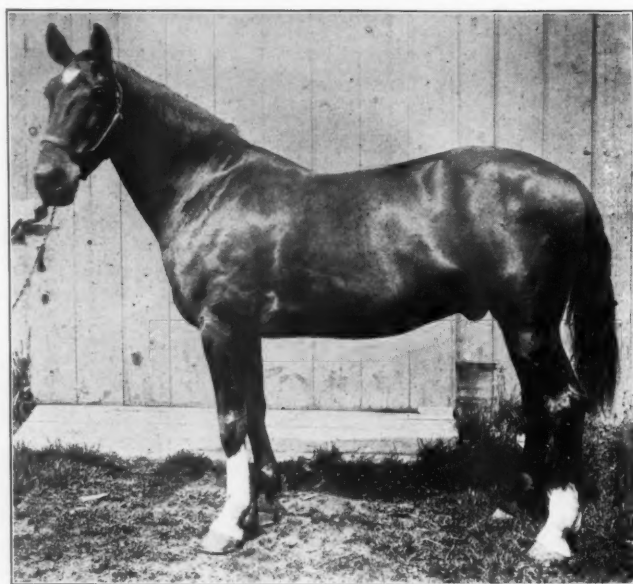
"What are you going to do with him," I gulped.

"Shoot him I guess. He's past any use."

"You don't have to shoot him," I said, "I'll buy him—pay the company so much a week. Can't you put him out on the company's farm? I'll pay for his keep too. Can you arrange it?"

The manager could and did.

So, if you drive along the outskirts of Tulsa and see that old dapple-gray horse with enormous proportions, stop a minute and say a kind word to him, for Old Jim is not, "just another horse."



HE SERVED ONE FAMILY FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

The Lower Plane

A Choice Bit of Satire

LEYLAND T. NUTTER

HENRY JAMES, philosopher and Christian; Henry James, commentator on the profound, spiritualistic writings of Swedenborg; Henry James, a distinguished gentleman in American life, brings to all dog fanciers a revelation.

In substance, Henry James informs us that where it is found that man and dog are mutually attracted to each other it is because of the qualities of the dog in man rather than because the dog is possessed of human attributes. In effect we are informed that we men, women and children, of this class, are on a lower spiritual plane. We have much further to go in our spiritual development in the realms beyond before we reach the higher plane of such humans as are not possessed of the dog's harmony.

To me this revelation is a comfort. To me, after half a century midst human associations, there comes the thought that, after all, I should not despair of salvation in the life to come when this strife-stressed world is left behind.

Does my statement sound illogical against James's assertion? Perhaps. I intend that a far different conviction may be derived from James's words.

To me, after many years in public service in various governmental offices—midst political party strife, conniving, threats and supplications—there comes a ray of hope as I contemplate my constant companion lying peacefully at my feet; a companion constant in every sense of the word. He knows naught of the chaotic proclivities of modern society.

To me, after many years in legal conflict—midst the owlish wisdom of legal justice—justice which often departs from the Christian morals of man—there comes a mental calm as I contemplate my faithful dog. He knows naught of legal smartness, legal technicalities, legal distinctions which have no difference, nor of legal callousness which thrives on the strife and contentions of embittered fellowmen. I see a beam of light leading me on in this lower plane.

To me, after many years of active work in "reform movements" for the economic welfare of suffering humanity, there comes a sigh of satisfaction as I dwell upon my status in this "lower plane." My dog knows naught of the utter indifference of surfeited man toward his impoverished fellow-creatures. When my dog has had his fill he denies no other dog the similar satisfaction. He does not seek to hoard, to monopolize, to control the future dispensation of bones; he places no legal obstacles in the way. He maintains no idle pastures wherein a vagrant dog may not stray. "No trespassing" means naught to him. He cannot conceive of his fellow dogs starving in the midst of plenty. He does not preach that bones should be made scarce because the price of bones is "too low." This is something which my dog cannot comprehend. It requires the mentality of the "higher plane" to witness and to be reconciled to such extremes in progress and poverty.

To me, after witnessing for many years the wanton waste, extravagant expendi-



Photo Service

RESCUED AT SEA, REVIVED AND RETURNED TO WOODS

The frightened and nearly exhausted deer was discovered by two young fishermen, William and Frank Balkus, (see inset) swimming three miles off the Nahant shore. They bravely went to his rescue in their small power boat. After a struggle for half an hour, in which the 150-pound animal nearly upset their boat several times, he was pulled aboard and securely tied. The boys conveyed the deer to land where, with the help of Sea Scouts, game warden and others, he was fully revived, carried by truck to the woods in Wakefield and set free. Only the timely arrival of the Balkus brothers and their humane rescue of the animal at the peril of their own lives saved the deer from perishing.

tures and utter incompetency in public affairs, there comes a peaceful joy in the companionship of my dog. He cares not for fancy collars, nor embellished harnesses, nor bejewelled society. He wastes no food. He seeks no political pull to secure a modern pavement upon which he may run in splendor to his kennel or to his haunts. He does not ask that his offspring shall bear a grievous, financial burden for many future generations so that a selfish desire for modern improvements may be satisfied. He does not leave behind him mortgages of so many thousands of bones. In councils, in city halls, in legislatures where dogs meet incompetency is never tolerated; each member of canine society must prove his worth . . . or else . . . scam!

As my dog sits and fixes his bright, brown eyes upon me—patiently watching for the slightest indication of my next act—a guilty twinge steals o'er me as I realize that I am not completely worthy of the implicit confidence which beams from his trustful eyes. I have a long way to go before reaching his standards of faithfulness. "Going to the dogs" may prove to be an upward step in many persons' peregrinations through this hectic life.

Tomorrow my dog goes to the Angell Memorial Hospital; an institution where

doctors of dogs, and friends and attendant aids stand ready to attempt relief in answer to the greatest appeal ever extended to the intelligence of man—the mute appeal of fixed, focused, bright brown eyes—a mute appeal which pours forth more eloquence than the most ostentatious oratory ever voiced by mere man's lips. The answer to this mute appeal manifests the highest spiritual attribute ever displayed by humans who are "created in His own image."

There will be no Valhalla for me if my canine companion is not waiting for me when I step ashore 'tother side of the River Styx.

Such is the sublime height of the "lower plane."

Retired Workers' Fund

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1936

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

A New Type of Ambulance

The Society's new horse ambulance, a picture of which is seen on the front cover, is in large part a gift of a very warm friend of animals. It bears on the right side, under the Society's seal, the words:

IN MEMORY OF

J. SANBORN and ELLANOR DOE
SAN FRANCISCO

A rolling platform, not seen in the photograph, can be drawn out over the inclined entrance on to a level space where a horse that is down can be turned over on to it and then drawn up into the ambulance. That is where we have to take up a horse that is down in the street or in a stable. A great deal of thought and time were given to the planning of this ambulance. It will be noticed that there is no trailer connected with it, making it much easier to handle, and it is so equipped that it can transfer a horse standing and also care for any that may be in such condition that they have to be drawn in because of sickness or injury or inability to walk.

One Copy Read by Seventeen

In estimating the probable number of readers of any periodical, it is customary to multiply the number of copies circulated by five, the average number of persons in a family. We have just received a message from a physician in Massachusetts, expressing appreciation of his copy of *Our Dumb Animals* "in the name of the seventeen children who have been reading it."

A letter of inquiry to the Treasury Department, Public Health Service, Washington, confirms the report that the President has signed a bill allotting \$1,500,000 for the erection of buildings at Bethesda, Maryland, for the conduct of the research work of the Public Health Service. Of course this means another thoroughly equipped laboratory for animal experimentation. Part of this million and a half dollars will have to be paid for out of the taxes contributed by the public, many of whom are conscientiously opposed to such experimentation.

The Humane Society of Baltimore County

The President of our two Societies, Dr. Rowley, returned, just as we are about to go to press, from a trip to Maryland where he attended the opening and dedication of one of the most attractive memorial buildings for the care and treatment of animals in this or any other land. This stone structure, beautiful architecturally and complete, apparently, in every detail, with its numerous wards for small animals, its special section for horses, its equipment for hospital work, its facilities for the distribution of humane literature, is an ideal headquarters for a live and vigorous humane organization. It is situated in Pikesville, some fifteen miles from the heart of Baltimore, and is the gift to the Society of Mrs. Bolling Barton as a memorial to her father.

The dedicatory exercises were held Saturday, October 3rd. Several hundred people were present, and the Rev. Dr. Philip Jensen, Honorary President, presided and unveiled the tablet erected to the memory of Mr. Seegar, Mrs. Barton's father. Miss Frances E. Clarke and Dr. Rowley were the guest speakers. Preceding the indoor exercises there was a very interesting exhibition, given on a large platform in front of the building, of folk dances, largely those of foreign countries, and at the close generous refreshments were served.

The Province of Quebec S. P. C. A.

One of the most shocking cases of inhumanity toward horses has been called to our attention by an article in the *Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*. We shall not go into the details. Enough that through the vigilance and energy of the Society above mentioned two horses that had been the victims of teamsters in a lumber camp were mercifully put out of their misery and the perpetrators of the cruelty caught and convicted. The surprising thing is that the punishment should have been a fine simply of a few dollars. Much credit is due to the local branch of the S. P. C. A. for finally arresting the guilty parties who, it is said, skied 44 miles in their attempt to escape.

The Artist and the Rustic

The artist was painting—sunset red, with streaks of green dots. The old rustic at a respectful distance, was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."

She—Why do editors return your manuscripts?

He—I have no idea.

She—Ah! That explains it.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for August, 1936 — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	54.1	\$1 2.98
Forage for same		
Daily average dogs	4	5.91
Forage for same		24.18
Put to sleep	53	23.23
Transportation		14.84
Wages, grooms, watchman and stable-boys		15.63
Superintendent's salary		11.72
Superintendent's replacement cost		29.73
Veterinary's salary		8.89
Motor bicycle upkeep		10.27
Sundries		57.99
Building account, upkeep, etc.		
		\$544.87

Entries: 19 horses, 14 mules, 75 donkeys, 1 cow.
Exits: 2 horses, 6 mules, 46 donkeys, 1 cow.
Outpatients treated: 42 horses, 60 mules, 3 dogs, 95 donkeys, 1 cow.

Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.
SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 102 cases investigated, 2,437 animals seen, 490 animals treated, 32 animals transferred to Fondouk American.

NOTES FROM THE FONDOK

Those interested in the work of the Fondouk at Fez will be glad to know that the value of the work of the Fondouk has become so recognized that we are having the active co-operation of the police, of the city officials and of the courts. The following extract from the *Courrier du Maroc*, dated August 22, is an illustration of this:

"The Agent Bedos has conducted to the Fondouk American by his owner, Ahmed Ben Driss, (of Ouled Djama) one miserable donkey, starved and covered with wounds, loaded with two sacks of salt, weighing together 130 kilos. (286 lbs.) Driss was reproved for his cruelty when taken to S. E. le Pacha, where he was fined Frcs. 50."

Furthermore, it is interesting to know that there are in and about Fez owned by Europeans and natives, according to the latest report, 28,345 horses, mules and donkeys. What the Fondouk has meant to thousands of these ill-treated, half-starved, overburdened, suffering creatures Heaven only knows.

The Great Need in Hungary

Reports are coming to us of the pressing need in Hungary of the organization of some kind of humane work for the unfortunate animals of that country. Stories of the treatment, not only of beasts of burden but of the smaller animals, that tourists bring back are almost unbelievable. The idea that these lower forms of life, which have been the servants and companions of man for centuries, have any claim upon mankind for just and fair treatment has scarcely found lodging in the minds, apparently, of the greater part of the inhabitants of that land.

Some individual effort is being made, but the indifference of the greater mass of the people and the ignorance as to how animals should be treated, which is part of the inheritance of the centuries, it is almost impossible to overcome. Furthermore, the Government, so far as we can learn, has taken no active part in securing such legislation and its enforcement as would make for the awakening and fostering of a genuine spirit of humanity toward animals. It is devoutly hoped that every encouragement may be given to the individual efforts that are being made to better conditions.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1863

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, *Counsel*

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HOWARD F. WOODWARD, Pres.; MRS. THOS. H. CASWELL, Sec.

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180

Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN

CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. HARRY COLE, Treas.; MRS.

AGNES P. FISHER, Ch. Work Com.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C.

KIRKE, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second

Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S.

TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second

Thursday.

Fitchburg Branch, Am. Humane Education Soc.—

MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; CAPT. WIL-

LIAM K. YOUNGLOVE, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles Traveled by humane officers..	14,804
Cases investigated	412
Animals examined	9,807
Animals placed in homes	117
Lost anima's restored to owners....	44
Number of prosecutions	2
Number of convictions.....	2
Horses taken from work.....	15
Horses humanely put to sleep	22
Small Animals humanely put to sleep	1,902
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Anima's inspected.....	67,715
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely	
put to sleep.....	16

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Alice McClure Foretier of Quincy, and Mabel Hawkins of Daytona Beach, Florida.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief of Staff*

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Asst. Chief*

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary
Cases entered	999	Cases 2,841
Dogs	739	Dogs 2,358
Cats	251	Cats 430
Birds	6	Birds 20
Horses	2	Goats 29
Goat	1	Rabbits 2
		Horses 2
Operations	894	
Hospital cases since opening, Mar.		
1, 1915	142,941	
Dispensary Cases	346,593	
Total	489,534	

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	153
Cases entered in Dispensary	499
Operations	174

Recognition Well-Deserved

A lad of twelve years, school boy and boy scout, Luis Romero Morales, whose address is Santiago de Chile, recently performed as heroic and humane an act as is seldom recorded. Seeing a poor, old, and nearly blind woman and her dog in imminent danger of being run over by a heavy truck, he sprang to the rescue and saved the woman from being struck down. With his right leg he pushed the dog aside, though the animal sustained a severe injury. To aid the dog, the boy gave him his immediate attention, binding up his wound with a handkerchief. To all inquiries from by-standers the brave lad refused his name and ran away. When he was later discovered and the details of his heroic act became known, President Alessandri sent for

him, presented him a check-book, autographed portrait and his congratulations. Medals were presented the young hero by the National S. P. C. A. and the Association of Boy Scouts. When the well-authenticated facts were received by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. it at once sent its humane medal to the boy.

Annual Fair, December 2

MEMBERS of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have made arrangements to hold their annual Fair at the Society's Building, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., Wednesday, December 2. All departments of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, for the benefit of which the Fair is held, will be open to visitors throughout the day.

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president of the Auxiliary, will be general chairman; Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, assistant chairman; Mrs. George Ramlose, chairman of hostesses; and Mrs. John A. Dykeman will be in charge of decorations. Luncheon will be served from twelve to one, with Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt as chairman; and afternoon tea, at which Mrs. Ethel H. Fairweather will preside. Mrs. John A. Jennings will be chairman of bridge; and Mrs. Charles Staniek and Mrs. Frank Towne will have charge of the seeress booth. A special musical program has been arranged, and new and interesting features will make the afternoon one of interest.

The Food table will be under the direction of Mrs. Herbert E. Prescott; Mrs. Charles Rowley will be chairman of the Candy table; Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher of the White Elephant table; Mrs. Frances G. Carriero, Flowers; Miss Katherine Walker, Literature; and Miss Marianne Morrill, Noah's Ark.

Contributions of funds or articles will be gratefully received and may be sent to Mrs. Harry Cole, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

A Great Loss

The sad news comes to us, just as we go to press, of the death of Mr. N. J. Walker, Secretary and General Manager of the American Humane Association. For twenty-eight years he had been the efficient Secretary of the Association. He easily won the confidence of all who knew him by his devotion to his work and by a character marked by great sincerity and kindness.

Little Dog Knock, Knocks on S. P. C. A. Shelter

From Attleboro Sun

Knock, knock. But Charles E. Brown, local M. S. P. C. A. Agent, didn't call out, "Who's there?"

It was a knock but there was that intangible quality in it that marked it as not of the human hand. Mr. Brown paused in his duties at the North Main Street shelter and listened.

Knock, knock. It came again, a bit louder this time but with no element of impatience. Just a gentle knock at the kennel door. Mr. Brown opened the door. Sad eyes and a wagging tail spoke as plainly as words—"I'm lost."

He was a weary, little dog, brown and black. If ever he had a collar he had lost it. He was just a mongrel spaniel but with that uncanny canine instinct he had known that Mr. Brown was the one man in the city sure to take him in and care for him. And Mr. Brown did.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California

Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California

Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington

James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee

Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia

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Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia

Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia

Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois

Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1936

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 118
Number of addresses made, 192
Number of persons in audiences, 51,344

Safe Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name
Age
Address

Convention at Houston

ENTHUSIASM of delegates, from New Hampshire and Massachusetts to California and Washington, marked the four-day meeting of the American Humane Association at the Rice Hotel, Houston, Texas, September 28-30 and October 1. Those who came from the North and the West were impressed by the genial Southern hospitality extended on every occasion. Mr. A. H. Penland, chairman, and Mrs. George A. Tyler and her associates of the Houston S. P. C. A. were untiring in their efforts to have everything carried out promptly and efficiently.

Local people were conspicuous in the regular sessions and generously supported the annual banquet held Tuesday evening, when stirring addresses were given by Rev. J. W. E. Airey, rector of St. Andrews Episcopal Church, Houston; Professor Leo P. Schleck of Madison, Wis.; Dr. Jose Perez Cubillas, president of the Band of Mercy of Havana, Cuba; and Mr. Alexander of the National Youth Administration.

On Monday and Tuesday forenoon papers were presented on children's work, the sessions on animal subjects being held Wednesday forenoon and all day Thursday. "Small Animals in Large Cities," was the topic of Rev. A. W. S. Garden of the Animal Rescue League of Pittsburgh; "The Great Opportunity in Mexico and the Next Step," of Dr. A. F. Ishkanian, who came from Mexico City to be present; "How We Train Our Humane Officers" by Eric H. Hansen of the Humane Society of Missouri, St. Louis.

Among other animal subjects were "Cooperation between S. P. C. A's and Veterinarians," Dr. W. A. Young, of the Anti-Cruelty Society, Chicago; "The Pet Show—What and Why?" Miss Kate Friend of the Humane Society, Waco, Texas; "A Half Hour of Retrospection," Robert F. Sellar of The Animal Rescue League, Boston; "It Can Be Done," Mrs. Frank Sweeney of the Humane Society, Memphis, Tenn.; "Humane Care and Protection of Wild Life," W. E. Sanderson of the American Humane Association; and "Thirty Years in Humane Work," Guy Richardson of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston.

On Wednesday afternoon delegates were taken in buses to the Animal Shelter of the Houston S. P. C. A., and then given a sight-seeing trip before reaching the home of Mrs. George A. Tyler, where tea was served.

A special feature, not on the program, was an assembly of the pupils and teachers of the Houston Negro schools—elementary, high and college—in the city auditorium on Wednesday afternoon. Here were assembled several thousand Negro pupils to listen to a program of group songs by different schools, a pageant, "From Sea to Sea," very effectively presented, and brief addresses by Mrs. Clinton S. Quin of Houston and William F. H. Wentzel of Pittsburgh. The entire affair was arranged by the Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell of Fort Worth, field representative of the American Humane Education Society, who served as chairman, through the co-operation of E. E. Oberholtzer, superintendent of schools, the local S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Association.

A Dog's Life in Mexico

ELLA MCELLIGOTT

I HAD heard so much about the many dogs of Mexico and the miserable existence they led, that I was anxious to see for myself if their condition was as bad as reported.

On a recent pleasant visit to Mexico I was relieved to find things not as bad as many people think they are. True there are countless dogs of every size and description in each village and town one visits. The large cities are over-run with them too, but none of them seems to be starving nor suffering in any way.

It would be strange if the dogs were torn by hunger pangs, for a great part of the Mexican population are engaged in some form of food selling. Every street is lined with vendors sitting on the ground, watching and selling their little stores of tortillas, frioles, sweet potatoes, sandwiches of all kinds, fruits, and Mexican delicacies of every variety. It stands to reason that dogs would not roam about these stands quietly, and be tortured with food odors, without attacking them and getting at the food if they were hungry.

Mexican people, particularly the Indians, seem to find eating a pleasant pastime, for wherever you go you will come across families eating their lunches which they brought with them to market or wherever they may happen to be. Perhaps they will be munching on something bought at one of the stands, or preparing a favorite dainty on their little charcoal burner which is always near by. The remains of the food are given to the dogs who come on the scene, and often dogs and people eat together in a happy group.

Though the dogs roam about idly, perhaps they are like people, forever seeking, or maybe they are hunting for some tidbit different from the regular fare.

My greatest fear was that the dogs would be injured by passing traffic, which often observes no speed laws. In Mexico City where busses, street cars, heavily-laden donkeys, and hand-drawn vehicles seem to be in constant confusion, dogs would dart out in the thick of the tangle and attempt to cross the streets. Often I held my breath, but the dog always escaped.

The climate in Mexico is beautiful, and dogs do not pant and suffer from the heat as they do in warm countries. Indeed I think a dog's life in Mexico is not bad at all.

The people are kindly. I never saw anyone hit nor mistreat a dog, although the animals are constantly under one's feet. Many people own dogs for pets, and take them about, and are attached to them.

Mexican dogs are quiet and inclined to mind their own business. With so many of them about one would expect them to get into fights and keep the air alive with their cries. Still that is not the case.

I often fed a passing dog with some little dainty and he took the offering with all the grace of a well-trained family pet. Still he was only one of the many dogs about town.

The dogs of Mexico need no sympathy. They seem contented, and their numbers show that they thrive there satisfactorily.

So Rides the Hunt

LOUISE DARCY

*For me no grace in tossing mane,
No beauty in the scarlet coat.
I see too clearly Reynard's end:
Strong teeth bared for the pulsing throat.*

*I cannot feel that flaming skies,
The scent of smoke, the wind's sharp
breath,
All the bright pageantry of fall
Are made more beautiful by death.*

The Frigate Bird

ARTHUR EHRSAM

A BIRD known to few landlubbers, but to many seafarers in the South Pacific is the frigate bird, or the Man-o'-War bird.

This bird belongs to the genus *Fregata* and is totipalmate, that is, all four toes are united by webs; the same as its relatives: cormorants, pelicans, albatrosses and jaegers.

The frigate bird a queer sea bird with a body the size of a domesticated duck, long wings, spreading as much as eleven feet; a long bill with hooked tip that affords a formidable weapon; and small feet so weak that the bird can hardly waddle.

The bird is a peerless flyer, circling and diving in mid-air with lightning speed, or bucking a gale without losing ground.

Its name is derived from its habit of dashing forth in the manner of the old-time frigate ship or full-sailed man-o'-war in hot chase of a merchantman, and playing the blackguard's part with the inoffensive booby returning home from the sea with a maw full of fish for the young. The frigate bird is the incessant *bete noire* of the poor booby. The terrified booby squawks and dodges, but can not escape his pursuer; so in despair it drops its prey in mid-air and makes its escape. Then the frigate bird dives like a plummet, and recaptures the morsel before it falls into the sea.

Old salts who sailed in the South Pacific in the days of spanking brigs, and barks, and those famed Yankee clippers, can spin yarns by the hour about this unique bird. To many of them it is the very incarnation of some dead buccaneer's soul. Sort of like the Flying Dutchman.



FRIGATE MOTHER AND BABY

The Pheasant Exonerated

BENNETT B. SMITH

WE were driving along a sandhill road in western Nebraska—that section far from a railroad and where roads are trails and where laid-out thoroughfares and fences are scarce.

Suddenly a mother pheasant with a brood of young dashed out in front of us and the little birds, not much bigger than a good sized thumb, darted down the trail under the wheels of the car. I stopped as soon as possible and went back with an anxious feeling to see how many had been killed. But I was pleasantly surprised—not one had met death under the car wheels. And none were in sight.

Those little fellows had already learned from instinct and breeding how and when to keep away from danger. The mother was quite perturbed but in that short space of time they had scampered away and neither she nor a single baby was in sight.

The daddy bird was not far away and what a gorgeous fellow he was as he stood there, independently, like a king surveying his possessions!

In coloring a pheasant, it seems Nature took her paint brush and dabbed out a bird in modernistic style. The head is of steel blue reflecting brown, green, and purple; the back and wings are a mixture of orange-red, black, brown, and light yellow; the breast is golden red with each feather margined with black and reflecting gold and purple. What a beauty! The male is always a wealth of color but the female is of plain grayish-brown.

The name pheasant was first applied to the bird on the ancient Phasis river where they grew in abundance and from which place they were brought to Europe before the fourteenth century. A number of years ago they were brought to the United States and have become quite abundant in Oregon and Washington and east to the central United States. They are not so abundant in the eastern part of the country.

Pheasants have been accused of great depredations in fields and gardens. They have been accused of destroying whole wheat fields by digging out the seeds; eating the seeds of oats, barley, and other grains; driving chickens from their nests and even killing the young poultry. What a charge!

But wait!

The United States Department of Agriculture made a study of this condition and found the greatest food of the bird was insects and weed seeds. The test was made in September, October, and December, and some grain was found in the stomachs but,

since it was late in the year, it is quite probable that this grain was waste after the harvest. The stomachs contained many pests such as weed seeds and insects, especially the March fly. Great quantities of grasshoppers and army worms are eaten and the bird is especially fond of the potato beetle.



INSECTS AND WEED SEED HIS GREATEST FOOD

According to the Department of Agriculture, the farmers of Oregon and the West are so well pleased with the results the pheasant gives in the destruction of many pests that they will not permit hunting on their farms, but lend every encouragement to the bird to inhabit their places.

Parrot Island

L. E. EUBANKS

A WRITER in *Boys' Comrade* asks, "How would you like to see 20,000 parrots all at one time?" and says that we might see that many any night if we visited the island of Nengue Ngozo, or Parrot Island, as the name means.

Nengue Ngozo is a small island off the coast of Guinea, of Africa. At about sundown the parrots begin to fly in. They come in flocks numbering from a dozen to a hundred, flying all the way from the mainland of Africa, which is nearly forty miles away.

There are no wild animals on the island, and that is the main reason the parrots go there to roost. They are safe from wildcats and other creatures that prey upon them at night. At three or four o'clock in the morning they awaken and begin to stir. Twenty thousand parrots all chattering at once must be "something"! But by sunrise they have all left for the mainland, departing in separate flocks, as they came.

During February and March many of the parrots remain on the island to build their nests in the hollows of the trees. Usually there are two baby birds in each nest, and as soon as the little fellows are old enough to fly they go to the mainland as their parents do, returning each evening to roost in the trees until sunrise.

...

In making your will, please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

The Turtle Dove

BENNETT B. SMITH

THE turtle dove is known in every state of the Union. It is one of the first to arrive in the spring and winters from central United States to Panama. It resembles the passenger pigeon and is often mistaken for this bird which is now extinct.

It is called mourning dove because of its plaintive call, but it needs no sympathy. It mourns because it is happy. When properly mated, there is no happier bird. Its call is well known. It may also be identified by the sharp whistle of its wings when flying.

The bird has always been associated with peace and used as a symbol in religion. A legend says that a dove hovered about the cross upon which Christ was crucified, crying out the sadness of its heart. And when Noah's ark landed after the great flood, the dove was the first to be sent out to see if the waters had receded. In legend and in story it has held a place.

Too little concerning the value of this bird has been known. A study the past few years has given it a place as one of the most valuable to the farmer. Nearly 100 per cent of the food of the bird was found to be vegetable and nearly all of this was seeds of noxious weeds. No fruit was eaten, and but little grain which was, perhaps, waste left in the fields. It also eats grasshoppers and other insects.

The nest of the dove is a loosely connected mass of sticks, a little grass, and perhaps some strings. No effort is made for artistry or style. It is remarkable that the eggs do not fall through or out of the nest. Usually there are two white ones laid which require two weeks for hatching. The young are hairy, homely, helpless things. At feeding time the mother eats the food which is then carried to the young, and the partly digested mass mixed with fluid from the mother is pumped from her crop into the mouth of the young bird. This is known as pigeon milk.

Caging Wild Birds

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

THOUGHTLESS persons often suggest that it is not cruel to keep wild birds in cages, provided they are given plenty of food and water and sufficient space to spread their wings.

The recent passage of a bill affording protection to the wild birds of the British Isles, brought out many statements that flatly contradict such a suggestion. These statements are based upon long years of experience and research.

For example, Professor J. B. Gatenby, of Trinity College, Dublin, declared: "I cannot believe that the small amount of pleas-

ure given to some people by possessing caged wild birds, in any measure atones for the cruelty to which the birds are exposed."

Professor J. Stanley Gardiner, of Cambridge, stated: "I feel there are great cruelties involved in the catching and caging of British wild birds."

Speaking in support of the same bill, Professor L. A. Harvey of the University College, Exeter, said: "The distress inflicted in the caging of most birds, although it must vary greatly among different species of birds, is certain to be very great."

These are random selections from the many arguments that were advanced in support of the bill's passage. It might be added that there are enough logical reasons to further substantiate these opinions.

In the first place, the life of a bird depends upon the almost constant use of its wings. To deprive it of this natural activity and freedom of motion is certain to torture the creature.

A caged bird is denied any response to that great migratory urge that animates most birds at certain seasons of the year. Can any clear thinking person assert with any degree of finality that a bird of the wild does not suffer when captivity stifles this natural impulse?

A caged bird is denied the variety of food that is wisely provided by nature. A caged bird is exiled from all association with its feathered comrades, and the fulfillment of all its hereditary impulses of mating, nest-making and caring for its young.

Deprived of its natural reactions to these instincts, can it be honestly said that a caged bird is not a victim of thoughtless cruelty upon the part of those unreasoning persons who thus confine it within the narrow limits of a cage? The impulses and instincts of nature have been inbred in wild birds through countless centuries of evolution and time. Not even a lifetime of captivity will lessen the intensity of their appeal!

Humane Sunday, April 11; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12-17, 1937.



THE MOURNING DOVE—BIRD OF PEACE

How the Great Guest Came

*Before the Cathedral in grandeur rose;
At Ingelburg where the Danube goes;
Before its forest of silver spires
Went airily up to the clouds and fires;
Before the oak had ready a beam,
While yet the arch was stone and dream—
There where the altar was later laid,
Conrad the cobbler plied his trade.*

*Doubled all day on his busy bench,
Hard at his cobbling for master and hench,
He pounded away at a brisk rat-tat,
Shearing and shaping with pull and pat,
Hide well hammered and pegs sent home,
Till the shoe was fit for the Prince of Rome.
And he sang as the threads went to and fro;
"Whether 'tis hidden or whether it show,
Let the work be sound, for the Lord will know."*

*Tall was the cobbler, and gray and thin,
And a full moon shone where the hair had been.*

*His eyes peered out, intent and afar,
As looking beyond the things that are.
He walked as one who is done with fear,
Knowing at last that God is near.
Only the half of him cobbled the shoes:
The rest was away for the heavenly news.
Indeed, so thin was the mystic screen
That parted the Unseen from the Seen,
You could not tell, from the cobbler's theme
If his dream were truth or his truth were dream.*

*It happened one day at the year's white end,
Two neighbors called on their old-time friend;*

And they found the shop, so meagre and mean,

*Made gay with a hundred boughs of green.
Conrad was stitching with face ashine,
But suddenly stopped as he twitched a twine:*

*"Old friends, good news! At dawn today,
As the cocks were scaring the night away,
The Lord appeared in a dream to me,
And said, 'I am coming your Guest to be!'
So I've been busy with feet astir,
Strewing the floor with branches of fir.
The wall is washed and the shelf is shined,
And over the rafter the holly twined.
He comes today, and the table is spread
With milk and honey and wheaten bread."*

His friends went home; and his face grew still

As he watched for the shadow across the sill.

*He lived all the moments o'er and o'er,
When the Lord should enter the lowly door--
The knock, the call, the latch pulled up,
The lighted face, the offered cup.
We would wash the feet where the spikes
Had been;*

*He would kiss the hands where the nails
Went in;*

*And then at the last would sit with Him
And break the bread as the day grew dim.*

While the cobbler mused, there passed his pane

*A beggar drenched by the driving rain.
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.*

A bundle of fagots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and
jack.

He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road.
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild,
In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest,
And Conrad sighed as the world turned
gray:

"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did You forget that this was the day?"
Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street!"

EDWIN MARKHAM in "Shoes of Happiness"

His Better Self

AMELIA WOFFORD

SOMETIMES amusing, but always entertaining, is the Samuel Pepys whose "Diary" made him famous. And an interesting figure, one distressingly rare in his time, is the Samuel Pepys who cherished a sympathetic and tender consideration for animals.

His household pets, at different times, were an eagle, a monkey, a cage of canaries, a cat, "an excellent mastiffe-Towser," Mrs. Pepys' spaniel, a blackbird that could whistle fragments of songs, and a sparrow brought up by Mercer, the first of Mrs. Pepys' succession of companions, which "mightily pleased" him by its tameness and flying about the table at mealtime and pecking and eating of everything "so pleasantly."

"A very rude and nasty pleasure," he branded the old English sport of bull-baiting, which had been suppressed by the Puritans and re-established at the Restoration. He was troubled when a canary he had had for three or four years died. Seeing a dog ill-treated "made him mad." And he was "mightily" disturbed when, at home, he bethought himself that he and Mrs. Pepys had left their "poor little dog which had followed them out of doors, at the waterside; and God knows whether he be not lost, which did not only strike my wife with a great passion but I must confess myself also; more than was becoming me," says his confidant, his famous, telltale Diary.

During the great fire in London, in the fall of 1666, which destroyed 13,000 houses, St. Paul's and eighty-three lesser churches, he had a pitying eye for the "poor pigeons" which nested in the houses, and which, "loth" to leave their homes, "hovered about the windows and balconys till they burned their wings and fell down."

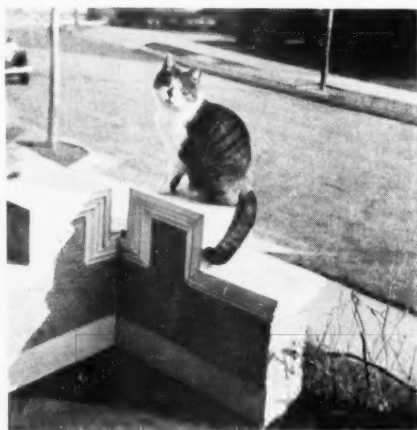
A favorite pleasure for Pepys was to walk in Spring Gardens and other places where the nightingales and other birds sang.

A Clever Boston Cat

W. L. PARSONS

WE discovered "Jack" on a farm in Maine ten years ago, and brought him home to Winchester, Massachusetts, in the auto. He found this method of travel so much to his liking that he curled up on my daughter's tam-o'-shanter on the auto cushion and went to sleep. The tam-o'-shanter was placed in his wicker basket in the basement where he slept for some weeks, but one morning we found him asleep near the radiator in the kitchen—and to our surprise, he was curled up on the tam-o'-shanter. The basement he had found too cool and so moved to a warmer spot in the kitchen, and had brought his tam-o'-shanter with him.

As he grew larger Jack learned to take in his teeth the small wool blanket from his bed and drag it about the house. We



PAUSING FOR A POSE

went away for a week-end, leaving Jack's feeding in the care of a neighbor. On the day after our departure, he took his blanket to the neighbor's and dropped it on the front door mat. He had really "moved."

Jack's chief sport is to search the neighborhood and bring home all available pieces of cloth or garments and leave them at our front door. Recently I found a white stocking at the door. Laughingly, I said to Jack, "We can't use one sock. We need a pair." That very night he brought home the mate to it. My wife is kept busy finding out who owns the property Jack brings and returning it.

It is a great delight to Jack to get into my bedroom at night. He hops up on the blanket, sets up a vigorous purring, comes up and touches my face with his nose, and then settles down for a sleep. Of course the bed is forbidden ground, but he will never be reconciled to that rule of the household. The trouble he has taken and the intelligence he has shown in finding a

way to my room are hardly believable. Jack has a small door, especially made for him, which swings both ways and permits him to enter and leave the basement. It was easy for him to push open his door. A long jump took him from the front porch railing to the porch roof. A perilous journey along the gutter at the level of the second story of the house, brought him to the sun-parlor roof; from there he could jump to my window sill, and he was on my bed again.

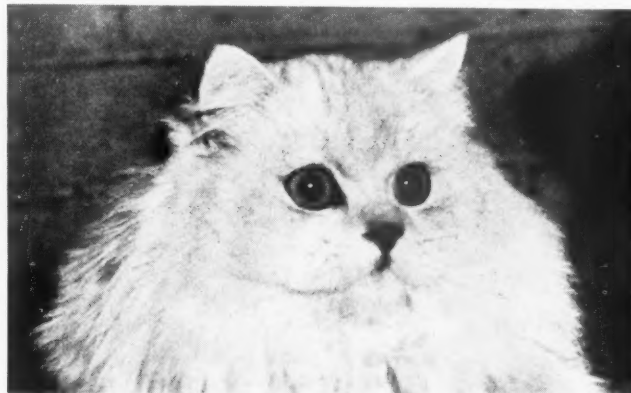
Then I placed a button on Jack's door and another on the door frame, so that when the buttons were turned in a horizontal position the door could not be moved either way. He soon discovered that with his paw he could move the button on the door to a vertical position and push open his door. My next move was to make this button fast, so that the door could not be pushed open. But Jack then turned the other button, pulled the door inward, and was still able to get out of the basement and come to my room.

Interested to see how complicated a problem Jack could solve, I affixed a screen door hook. For some time he did not appear in my room, but finally one night again I was awakened by the familiar "plump" on my bed and lusty purring. The next night I concealed myself in the basement and watched. Jack first pulled down the button with his paw to a vertical position, passing his paw downward along the edge of the door several times to make sure the button was free of the door. Then he sat down in front of the door. The hook was too tight for him to lift with one paw, so he took both paws, and pulled up with all his might until the hook lifted and the door was free.

As a final test of Jack's skill, I placed on his door a bolt of the type which unlocks by lifting a metal projection to a position just opposite a slot and moving the bolt horizontally. At last one night he mastered the whole combination and appeared again on my bed.

My neighbor says, "Put on a Yale lock and hide the key," but our household agrees that Jack has already earned the right to share my bed.

"Somebody once said that it is better to keep your mouth shut and be thought a fool, than to open it and remove all doubt."



MISS MYSTERY

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and twenty-six new Bands of Mercy were reported during September. Of these there were 106 in North Carolina, six each in Georgia and Virginia, four in Oklahoma, and one each in Florida, Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 218,275.

Abandoned

CLAUDE WEIMER

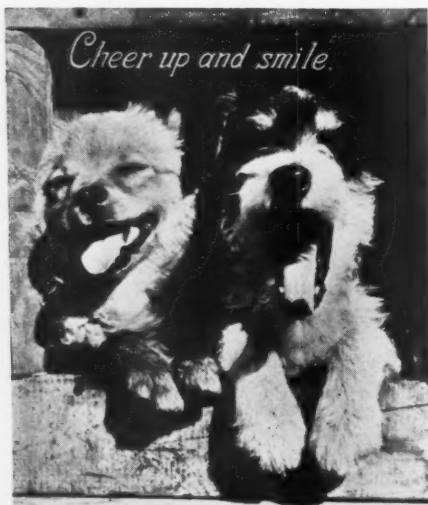
*You are crying, wee kitty,
And only half-grown.
Did they throw you away
By the roadside alone?*

*You have nothing to sleep on
But sticks and stones,
And your lank body feels
Like a bagful of bones.*

*You are hungry and chilly
And afraid, little cat.
Why did they throw you
Away like that?*

*Do they ever kneel down
By the bedside and pray
For God not to throw them
Unwanted away?*

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.



Maggie, the Goat

LEONIE HUNTER

GOATS are animals that most people know little about at first hand, but we all have heard a lot about them, mostly not to their credit. What with the widespread nonsensical notions about their eating anything from Father's new straw hat and the clothes on the wash-line to tin cans, and their grossly exaggerated propensity for butting, it might appear that the only place a goat is welcome is at an initiation.

As a matter of fact goats are now being raised in many sections and, contrary to general opinion, they have proved to be easy to raise and care for and are not all untractable and troublesome as one might suppose. With the demand for goats' milk growing all the time, it has become increasingly profitable for farmers to keep goats. The milk of goats is alkaline, unlike cows' milk which is acid. For this reason, it makes an excellent food for invalids and infants and, when properly chilled, it is difficult to distinguish in taste from good rich cows' milk.

Occasionally goats may show a tendency to indulge in butting, but they can be trained out of it. They are creatures of habit and like to have a fixed routine observed in all that concerns them.

The case of the goat "Maggie" plainly illustrates this (Goats are intelligent animals and learn their names just as a dog or horse and will even respond with a funny ma-ah.) Maggie was one of four milking goats kept on an Alabama farm. It was the custom of the keeper to milk the goats by turn each time. First came "Babe," then "Maggie," then "Queenie" and "Snowball." The man had built a little platform with a trough for feeding at one end; each goat mounted the platform as it was called and the keeper seated himself to milk the goat.

It happened that a neighbor's child was critically ill. The parents were told that goats' milk would be good for it, so Maggie,

the goat, went to the neighbor's place to stay for several months. At the end of that time she returned to her old home.

This time the man milked the other three goats first as he had been doing during Maggie's absence. Then he called Maggie. Maggie refused to come. She had to be chased around the barnyard and finally picked up and forcibly placed on the milking platform. The next few days following, there were similar difficulties. No one could understand why Maggie had suddenly become so unmanageable when formerly she had been a quiet, docile creature.

"Suppose you try milking her second as you used to before she was away," some one suggested.

The keeper decided to try it. That evening he milked Babe first. Then he called Maggie and she came and walked up on the platform as promptly as anyone could desire. She remembered when her turn came and she expected the schedule to be properly adhered to and observed.

Goats have their peculiarities, but they are good animals when understood.

Leave Covers for Wild Birds

HENRY H. GRAHAM

WHEN I lived on a farm years ago a neighbor had an experience that made him a wild-life protector the rest of his days.

One winter morning he went to the back of his place on an errand. En route he saw a sight that made him sick at heart. More than a dozen bob-white quail had frozen to death in a bunch. Unable to find protection from a recent blizzard and the intense cold they had huddled together as is the custom of quail and, despite the heat generated by their bodies, they had succumbed.

"Up to that time I had never thought much about wild life," this man told me. "Never had I left weed patches or shelters of any kind for the birds. From now on I'm going to see that they have plenty of cover, and, what's more, I'm going to throw into the bushes above the snow that will come several bundles of wheat or oats at harvest time."

He was true to his word. Other farmers in that locality followed his example with the result that bird life increased beyond belief. Because birds repay us many times over for all efforts in their behalf by destroying harmful insects there is no reason why such a plan should not be carried out on a constantly widening scale. Cold winters are a severe test on all non-migrating bird life.

Harvest time is hard on feathered creatures, too, because the machines destroy young birds and even eggs. Thousands of birds are killed or maimed annually at this time. But there is a way to prevent it. This consists of installing on the reaper a device sold by harvester companies. Every machine should be equipped with one.

"Why did you tear the back part out of that new book?" asked the long-suffering wife of the absent-minded doctor.

"Excuse me, dear," said the famous surgeon, "the part you speak of was labeled 'Appendix' and I took it out without thinking."



"Mickey," Would-be Fire Fighter

E. H. DONLEVY

MICKEY," member of the Cambridge, Massachusetts, Fire Department, attached to Engine House 7, has a definite position of monitor, and has been fitted for a natty little uniform that will be to his liking, by the firemen who think there is no one like Mickey. He has owned a tin fire badge for some time, even though he is but a brown-faced little monkey.

He is a spark, and although only a year and a half old, he has learned to love the sound of a siren and to get ready for action, as he sees the men do. He begins to chatter his enthusiasm, and hustles over to the ladder. Then Captain John Collins, his master, says sternly, "Not this time, Mickey. Wait till we come back, and we'll tell you about it!" And Mickey, postponing his hopes, goes back and waits at the window.

His favorite job is inspecting the firemen's uniforms, going down the line, fingering buttons that shine, turning up his nose at unbrushed coats, and saluting at roll-call. Now and then, he hides raincoats, hats, lunch-boxes, and pretends to help the owners hunt for them!

At mealtime, the firemen have taught the little animal to know the call of "Come and get it!" How he scuttles to the plates, and looks them over, before sitting beside his Captain, who has the fullest plate! Mickey eats simple food,

varied when he is extra good by a full-course dinner with plenty of his favorite food—watermelon.

Mickey came from Brazil. He was brought from Maine as a gift to Cambridge firemen. Captain John Collins indulges him in everything but the one thing Mickey yearns for—a good fire. No matter how deep in sleep the monkey is beneath the coverlets of the Captain, he leaps when the gongs ring the alarm. He is trying to impress the firemen to recognize his fire-fighting ability, so that he may soon have the distinction of being the first monkey to race to fires on the shrieking engines.

My Dog

E. T. MEGOW

*I've got a dog, a mangy dog
That's what my folks all say,
But, gee, it makes me awful sore
To have them talk that way.*

*Why can't they see he's just as smart
As any dog can be?
And aren't his friendly ways worth more
Than any pedigree?*

*What if his hair is sort of thin
And lets his ribs show through?
And 'cause he's only got one eye
The other seems more blue.*

*Oh, you can have your brindle pups
And collies and the rest,
Of all the dogs in this whole town
I like my stray dog best.*

Hidden Animals

ALFRED I. TOOKE

In each of the following sentences an animal is hidden. Can you find them all?

1. In that pan there is some fudge for you.
2. Call in Mabel, Eph, Anthony and Jane and share it with them.
3. That key on the mantel opens the sideboard.
4. Open it and give Jack all the apples he wants.
5. Then it will be a very fine idea to run out and play.
6. Did I hear Lucille murmur something?
7. Yes! Close the door again or the cat may grab bits of cold meat from that plate.
8. Turning the knob is one way to keep the door closed without locking it.
9. It has been in use a long time.
10. Turn it slowly. Now ease lightly to the left.
11. I find that big tub a boon for keeping apple butter in.
12. Those who came late may have some of that now.

Correct answers will be printed next month.

"A dog is the only thing on this earth that loves you more than he loves himself!"

Animal Life on Everest

L. E. EUBANKS

COMPARATIVELY few animals and birds care to live at altitudes ranging from 17,000 to 27,000 feet. The favorite height of the Himalayan Mountains wild sheep is about 15,000 feet.

The cold at these heights is intense and a strong gale blows nearly every day. As with many animals in our own country, the Himalayan goat, the yak and the Tibetan dog have their heavier coats in winter; but how do those frail little apollo butterflies, seemingly happy at 17,000 feet, keep from blowing away in those fearful winds? They refuse to fly at such times but flatten themselves tightly against a rock.

Grasshoppers, one might think, would keep to low vegetation, but there is one kind that goes up to 18,000 feet, where it haunts the most desolate moraines.

Some birds go to very great heights. More than fifty different kinds have been seen at altitudes greater than 14,000 feet. Choughs, mountain finches and ravens are particularly venturesome. Choughs would probably follow campers even to the summit of Everest.

To see an animal or bird at a surprising altitude does not, of course, prove that place to be its habitat; it might be an accident—its presence there, or the creature might have been moved by a temporary wanderlust. It isn't as remarkable to see an occasional chough at 27,000 feet as it is to find animals permanently established at 21,000 feet.

What could live at that elevation? One might think some warm-coated creature, well adapted to resist cold. But no; earth's highest inhabitants are minute spiders, naked, soft-bodied, with no apparent device to save them from being frozen to death. They are not the kind that make silken snares; they stalk and spring upon their prey.

What do they feed on at 21,000 feet? It is a mystery. They seem so utterly alone in their desolation. And how do they survive those ten months of the year when every inch of their habitat is iron-bound with frost or buried under masses of snow? For perhaps two months of the year they can run about in the open; for the rest they must be frozen into hard pellets.

Like arctic caterpillars, which in winter you can snap in pieces as though they were slate pencils, so for ten months of the year must the Everest spiders be living nodules of ice.

"Hillside Acre"

THE Animal Cemetery of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is in a suburban section of Methuen, less than two miles from the city of Lawrence. It is conveniently and beautifully situated; a few rods from the main traveled highway, Route 28, and bears the name of "Hillside Acre."

Having acquired by gift, some twenty years ago, a fine estate, upon which the Society established its "Rest and Retirement Farm for Horses," and its small animal shelter, the need of a suitable burial place for animals cherished in life by their owners, for their friendliness and loyalty, early became apparent.

"Hillside Acre" was selected as an attractive spot for an animal cemetery. Part of the cemetery slopes up a shaded hillside and part stretches away from a grassy knoll on to nearly level ground. The landscape effects are pleasing. Shade trees, flowering plants and shrubs are in striking evidence and the entire lot is as smooth and verdant as any well-kept lawn. A high galvanized iron fence surrounds the enclosure and protects it at all times from unwonted intrusion. The Society provides perpetual care.

Most of the graves, of which there are at the present time more than 800, are marked with modest, marble headstones. With few exceptions they are of uniform size and stand in orderly rows. There are but few elaborate or expensive monuments; practically all are miniature markers, yet fully expressive of the lasting regard in which owners hold their faithful animal companions in memory.

The cemetery was primarily designed not for the burial of the small animals whose owners could afford expensive marble or granite headstones, but rather for the great multitude who, unable to do anything requiring large expense, desired to find some place where, within their means, they might bury their greatly-loved small animal pets.

Animal cemeteries exist in or near many of the largest cities of the world. London, Paris and Tokyo have them containing thousands of burials. In the United States the larger cities that lack them are poor indeed. But such burial places are increasing in number. Who can say that this does not betoken the growth and spread of the humanitarian spirit, and this, too, in the "times that try men's souls?"

The Grateful Messenger

SARAH JOYNER

*Last winter when I fed the birds
I had no thought of pay;
But yesterday a cardinal
Woke me at break of day.*

*He lighted on a lilac tree
And turned his head to me,
Singing a song that filled my heart
With lyric melody.*

*I wish you might have seen that bird
Swell out his crimson throat,
He lifted up his crested head
And sounded every note.*

*He sang a song of hope and joy
And acted well his part,
This grateful messenger who left
His song within my heart.*

Queen Mary, world's biggest ship, has children's nurseries that are veritable fairylands. No military toys, no soldiers, no tanks, no toy guns. Thrills are provided instead by trains, tunnels, chutes — all miniature examples of peacetime invention. The man who planned this floating toyland is George Ramon, a Hungarian.

It is estimated there are 15,000,000 dogs in this country, of which 12,000,000 are licensed.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

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Guy Richardson, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this twentieth day of October, 1936.

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public
[Seal] (My commission expires Jan. 21, 1938)

Our Dumb Animals

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitled the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
		Children's	\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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